

THE BYSTANDER



The Strategic Solons.
The County Maps.
Is George a Citizen?
Corn's Notarial Boom.
Fresh From the Vealery.

The supervisors have been playing it pretty low on the press and the public lately by letting off all their fireworks after the reporters had gone out. The way they do is to hold a decorous session, a sort of a Quaker meeting, and then, closing debate, they settle down to an examination of the estimates. When it comes to this formality, the reporters leave, whereupon the supervisors, dropping the estimates, begin to free their overburdened minds about men and things. At the last meeting not a word was said about the park appropriation until the press had removed its baleful presence, and then things fairly hummed. Archer got up and launched an anti-bale speech at the park-keeper. The up-country supervisor—who once handled road money—didn't know why Bill Oponui or some other sleeping beauty shouldn't have the job. All you had to do was to watch the prisoners point the hose at the grassplat and then you cash a monthly warrant. Bill could do that much without waking up. The rest of the supervisors also found something about the parks to growl over, and the session ended in cutting out the appropriation for the month. There was so much hot air expended in this little afterglow gathering that the steam settled on the window panes as it does back east after the furnace has been started up in recognition of a frost.

It was Archer, I believe, who urged the Board to put a friend of his into the band. "He all right!" said the supervisor, eagerly. "He play the flute"—twiddling his fingers in the air as he said it—"he play the trombone, the cornet, the snare-drum, the piccolo, the—the—" "Pedro!" struck in Harvey.

"Yes, yes; the pedro," responded Archer with an enthusiasm which was shared by all the rest of the Board.

About once in three years since 1836 the local papers have printed some item like this:

A new and excellent map of Oahu has been prepared by Surveyor Blank, a copy of which may be seen at this office. It is complete in all its details, and will be invaluable to those who are interested in our public lands and highways or even to tourists who want to see the beauties of the island from our mountain trails.

A few weeks ago along came Major Haan of the General Staff, intent upon plotting some forts and spying out summit trails by which an enemy, landing on the windward side of the island, could sneak into our backyards unobserved. In blithesome mood he started up the mountains and, as I learn from ole' Bill Jones, he soon fell down a valley some 1460 feet deep. Arriving at the bottom, in the course of three or four minutes, he remarked positively, "This is all wrong!" and he proved it, too, by his county map. "Instead of being at the bottom of a cliff he was on the shoulder of a peak, 4768 feet above the level of the sea. He had been climbing instead of falling, but it did not feel so. The Major hobbled along up a watercourse and came out on a plateau overlooking Diamond Head. This plateau was plainly marked on the county map, but it was placed on the other side of the range, overlooking Kahuku Point, and there was a pali near by at least 700 feet down. He picked his way carefully around some rocks, thinking he might find the pali where it wasn't, when he slapped up against a 5000 foot mountain that a goat couldn't climb, yet the map, which placed this mountain seven miles north of where the Major found it, had a fine wagon road marked on it as running to the summit. Then the Major quit, and resolutely starting north by the map he soon came out in a stone quarry on the south side, where the map had placed a rural school. His next move was to mail his county map to the War Office at Tokio and send for a company of engineers, not likely to be affected by the topographical needs of sugar plantations, to make a new map for the use of the General Staff.

Ole' Bill reports the Major as saying that if he had located forts at the points which seemed favorable on the maps of the Hawaiian Survey, one of them would have been seven hundred feet in the air between two gulches, so that it would have to be held up by balloons, and the other would have been so far underground as to have dammed the flow of the artesian water.

Before I vote for my friend George A. Davis, I want to know whether he is an American citizen or not. He once told me he had been an alderman in Canada, and a loyal subject, therefore, of Her Majesty the Queen. When he came over the line, did he get naturalized? If so, when and where? Being a Missourian, I want to be shown; and if I am shown, I am going to close my tailor shop and go out speaking for him. His platform suits me to a T:

1. No taxes to become delinquent. Long credits to law-abiding citizens and officers of courts.
2. Abolition of the Board of License Commissioners and no interference with the right of a citizen to sell liquor who has taken out a Federal license.
3. The right guaranteed to an attorney-at-law to move the previous question on any Judge who gets too personal in his remarks, particularly a Judge of a United States Court.
4. Anything else that you may want.

Now, as soon as the question is settled as to whether George is running for a seat in the Territorial Senate or in the Upper House of the Canadian Parliament, I shall know what to do. Now for it! Is George a mango-juicer, or a lime-juicer? Tell me quick!

Farm Cornn, who, since he sold out his Pawa grocery store, has become a sort of comprador, seems to be working the partnership registration act to good business. Almost every day some Chinese firm files a notice of co-partnership with the Territorial Treasurer. Some of them are firms that have been doing business for a long time, and probably never thought of registering their co-partnership before. Farm Cornn's name is on the notice as Notary Public. The notarial fees in all these cases must amount to something very pleasant, and then besides there may be a fee for advice in the matter. Firms don't have to register. But perhaps Cornn doesn't tell them that.

This from the Vealery:

Mr. Thwing is doing nothing more than has been done in this community for years past by certain well-known factions who have not the slightest measure of honesty. We do believe Thwing is honest, though he be fanatic.

These factions of men whose single thought has been to rule or ruin have conducted campaigns of slander and vilification, misrepresentation of the city and of its decent citizens, day after day, month in and month out.

This refers to the movement to clean up the town in a moral sense. The only other movement of the kind I recall here was begun by Humphreys and Gear, continued by Estee, participated in by Corey and Kincaid, and backed by the Bulletin in the hope that its under purpose, a change in the Governorship, could be realized. As soon as the political part of the plot was defeated, the movement came to nothing, and the morals of the town sagged back into the old bog. And now, the veal Bulletin undertakes to say that there was not "the slightest measure of honesty" in the previous undertaking, doing so in the belief that the public has forgotten that the former crusade was its own and will lay it to others. I do not cite this to show the cheap and ready mendacity of the Bulletin, but, by the ease with which its most blatant charges can be made to react upon itself, to indicate how valid the public impression is that if the Bulletin had not been born a calf it would have surely been born an ass.

Small Talks

GEORGE W. SMITH—It seems impossible to carry out Major Haan's recommendations for a militia auxiliary garrison.

DR. F. E. CLARK—We used to take out teeth by an electrical device, but people dreaded the shock more than they do the pull of the forceps.

BYRON O. CLARK—These Japanese florists would do a great deal better if they had some taste in the display and arrangement of their flowers.

W. T. RAWLINS—The pirates of the Lady have developed a most extraordinary appetite for poi, over at the jail. They prefer it to any other food.

CHARLEY ACHI—Buffandeau is the man who puts all the schemes into Charley Hustace's head. Elect me Mayor and I will think up my own schemes.

A. H. FORD—When we get through with the Outrigger and Fishing Clubs, there'll be something to do along the line of reviving the ancient sports of Hawaii.

JUDGE DOLE—It will be better for the yacht Hawaii to keep her in use as much as possible until the time for the next race comes round, instead of laying her up.

W. C. PEACOCK—Competition has reduced the profit on the two staples of the liquor trade—California wine and sake—to a lower point than the rate of profit in any other business in the Islands.

K. YASUMORI—With the showing that the Japanese A. C. made in last Sunday's baseball game against the Chinese Alohas, I am confident that they will not be at the tail-end of the league this season.

W. OKRAN—I consider that with the coming of the fleet, Honolulu will be launched on an era of prosperity which will grow and keep on growing for the next five or six years. It's going to be a good town.

DR. A. E. ROWAT—The very few cases of puupuu noticeable in Honolulu and vicinity at the present time, as compared with the prevalence of that disease a few years ago, I believe to be correlative with the mosquito campaign.

JOEL COHEN—The best way to kill a bad law is to enforce it. This apropos of the tabu on boxing and other results of the moral wave. The people will stand for just so much monkeying with their rights and liberty and no more.

ELI J. CRAWFORD—If Alex Robertson intends to hand in a resignation as the chairman of the Territorial Executive Committee, it will be considered on Monday night. I do not think that we will accept his resignation, however, if he does present it.

FRED T. P. WATERHOUSE—In Java, coconut planters place a little bag of salt among the leaves of each coconut palm. The rains dissolve this slowly, and with the rainwater the salt runs down the trees to the soil in which the coconut palms grow.

MRS. KEARNS—Why not have "bougainvillea season" of Hawaii like "cherry blossom season" of Japan? That suggestion of Mr. W. T. Lucas is great. Let every house, stable, tree, fence, etc., have its flowering vine. Start at once, and the "season" will be ready in a year.

MAJOR HAAN—I may have given the impression in my address before the Chamber of Commerce that Oahu would have to raise the majority of the men for the defense of the island, but I did not intend to do so. If Hawaii were able to defend herself, there would never have been any necessity for annexation.

LICENSE INSPECTOR FENNEL—So far from the Board conspiring to hold up license renewals, for three weeks I have been notifying licensees that applications for renewals must be made and ought to be made early, so as to give plenty of time for the Inspector's report on them and the four weeks' advertising required by law.

ATTORNEY GENERAL HEMENWAY—I did not want to go to the Settlement with the Iroquois party, but I am glad now that I went. It is one of the most wonderful institutions I ever knew. The work that Dr. Goodhue, and his assistant, Dr. Hollman, and Superintendent McVeigh, are doing, is simply wonderful. And there are others deserving the highest praise.

JACK LUCAS—If the advocates of temperance insist on making local option one of the questions of the coming campaign, they will be hurting their own cause and doing an injury to the town. As it is now, we have practically full control over every part of the city, and every saloon-keeper is toting the mark because of fear of losing his license. Opening the question will probably result in the license commissioners losing some of their power, and the conditions will change for the worse. We have a good liquor law that works well. Let it alone.

Hints About Living

By a Balstonite.

Here are a few things that are worth remembering—facts gathered from experience:

The healthiest and purest lives come from those who do not eat meat before the age of 15.

Potatoes, sliced thin and fried, are indigestible. While getting delicious, they afford no real nourishment, and cause a derangement of the liver.

Cake clogs the stomach. All rich pastry is poison to the liver. Soft caramels and creams are also bad for anyone with a liver at all rebellious.

When you get old look out for your food! Do you ever notice that Grandfather's face is not as jolly as it used to be? His strength of mind also seems slowly disappearing, though he is getting fatter every day. He needs a change of food. Probably he has been eating buckwheat cakes and syrup, white bread and butter, sugar, fat meats, etc., etc. Give him lean meat and fish, cracked wheat and potatoes, barley cakes, rye bread or Southern corn cakes. Try it, and instead of moping and sitting round the house all day, you will find him running around lively as a cricket.

Maybe, on the contrary, he is growing thin and pale. Then he needs buckwheat and molasses, fat meats, mashed potatoes in milk, Northern corn, cracked wheat and fish, oatmeal porridge, and fruits every morning.

All rules have their exceptions and the diet prescribed for the mass may not answer for exceptional cases, but the following directions are good for the majority:

Milk is the simplest and most natural food. If you cannot drink it your stomach is in a diseased condition. Cheese is a good substitute, if mild, fresh and made from pure milk and cream. Persons who live mostly on vegetables have the best nerves and the best complexion. Red pepper is an excellent condiment. Its effect upon the liver is remarkable. Malaria, intermittent fever or congestive chills cannot endure the presence of red pepper. Pure red pepper (known as cayenne) should be on every table.

Ill health is caused largely by improper food, or by food which is in a bad condition when it is eaten. Think as you eat.

What did you eat today?

Was it too much carbonaceous? Or nitrogenous? Or phosphatic? Probably the first! Examine tables of food. The old injunction, "Man! know thyself," ought to be changed to "Man! know what you eat and its effect upon you!"

TRIPE RECIPES.

Fried Tripe—Fried tripe will be found the most satisfactory. Cut the boiled tripe into good sized squares. Marinate in French dressing for two hours. Drain, dip in cracker dust, then in egg, then in cracker dust again. Set in ice chest for an hour. Fry. Serve with tartar sauce.

Tripe and Tomato Sauce—Cook as directed above. Make a rich tomato

sauce, place a layer on the platter and, on the soft red bed, the delicate brown squares of tripe, with a suggestion of chopped parsley sprinkled over.

An oyster sauce served with the tripe is delicious as is also onion sauce, made by adding chopped cooked onions to a good white sauce.

Shepherd's Tripe—Add small squares of tripe to a white sauce in which the yolk of an egg has been stirred. Place in serving dish with a crust of mashed potato. Bake until brown. Or you may prepare in the same way as the preceding using tomato instead of white sauce.

At a well known club in a large city, tripe is often served cut in squares and creamed with oysters or fried and served with celery sauce.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

It is a good idea to save all one's white silk stockings, when too old for their legitimate use, and cut them up into complexion rags.

In this day of high collars it is well to remember that one too tight gives a mottled, purple look to the complexion and makes the nose red.

Always rub off all superfluous grease from the face with a soft rag. A piece of old linen is good for this purpose or squares of white silk.

If you have regard for the strength of your eyes never sit looking at an object with the head turned. The strain of looking out of the side of the eye eventually affects the nerve.

Spraying the face with hot water is necessary for the woman who wants smooth, pink flesh. The hot water opens the pores and the cleansing is completed by a good skin food well rubbed in.

Often it is found that a chronic sufferer from headache also complains of cold feet. This shows bad circulation and it should be strengthened. A simple and helpful remedy is to bathe the feet in cold water night and morning and rub briskly with a flesh brush or Turkish towel.

It is well to get into the habit of giving the face a vigorous rubbing with a towel at least twice a day. Dash the face with cold water and rub briskly over the face and under the chin. This brings the blood to the surface, clears the pores and takes off all dry particles of skin.

When very tired stop talking. Don't let the fear of being thought rude force you into conversation when it is necessary to recuperate quickly. Even when the duty of entertaining a strange guest falls on you, smile and look interested, but say as few words as decency permits until some one comes to relieve you.

LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE

(From Monday's Advertiser.)

The good ship Hawaii and the crew which were to have sailed her to the Coast and back for transpacific cup race honors cruised to Lahaina and back, starting on Saturday and making port again last night.

It was a fair and goodly sight to see them start out. Each amateur yachtsman was correctly arrayed in clean duck, natty blouses, nautical caps and gold buttons. The pretty colors of the Hawaii Yacht Club on their caps looked real nobby.

No sooner had the Hawaii passed the fairway buoy than each passenger and member of the crew produced a cute little pipe and, lighting up, puffed vigorously, looked up at the sails as if they understood and appreciated them, and whistled or hummed "A Life on the Ocean Wave," with hardy abandon.

All this lasted until Diamond Head light was reached, then—oh, such a difference, and oh, such groanings and sadness!

The gallant crew which was to have toiled the staunch little craft to San Pedro with one accord fell sick. They said that it must have been something that they had eaten. The only ones who did not suffer from the epidemic of mal de mer were a couple of professional sailors and passengers—Willie Roth and Ollie Sorenson.

Otherwise everybody was incapacitated, from the captain to the cabin boy.

The cook was far too ill to attend to his duties, but his services were not much in demand, anyhow.

Commodore, Captain and Sailing Master Alex Lyle took it bad. Exercising his prerogative as commander, he yanked a fellow sufferer from an upper berth in the cabin and, climbing in himself, remained there and refused to budge.

The cook, sick in the kitchen, bravely defended the honor of the sink against the designs of them as wanted to use it as it wasn't intended to be used. He fought all comers and guarded that sink as Horatius did the bridge.

As the poor sufferers lay scattered about below, the yacht would ship a sea every now and again and the water would percolate through the cracks and open places onto their wretched persons. They neither knew nor cared, in the majority of cases, however, and if the ship had sunk none of them would probably have given a hoot.

No landing was made at Lahaina, because it was feared that if once the crew and passengers got ashore nothing would be able to induce them to go aboard again, and the homeward progress of the Hawaii was thus apt to be considerably hindered.

It is extremely improbable that a salary of \$100 a week would tempt the amateur crew of the racing yacht to make the trip to San Francisco, let alone return.

The yacht Hawaii returned from her cruise to Lahaina last night, anchoring about 9:30.

She made a splendid trip and surprised all aboard by her sailing qualities and the way she slipped through the water.

Speaking of her last night, A. W. Neely said:

"She is a beautiful sea boat and her performance was the best I ever saw, bar none. We crossed the channel, light to light, in 3 hours and 20 minutes, a distance of about thirty-two miles, or better than ten miles an hour, and this with a heavy sea."

Aboard the Hawaii were Commodore Alex Lyle, Vice Commodore C. T. Wilder, Chancy Wilder, Olaf Sorenson, William Roth, Walter Macfarlane, A. W. Neely, Leslie P. Scott, Charles Crozier, George Turner, Chas. O. Spindle, A. Lundquist, W. Lyle, Samuel Lyle, John O'Brien, Samuel Meeker, Ray Rietow and Billy Crewes.

Port was left on Saturday and at 5:25 p. m. the fairway buoy was passed. At 6 p. m. the Diamond Head lighthouse was passed. The Kamehameha also set out for Lahaina and was some ten minutes behind the Hawaii. She turned back, however, some time during the night.

The Gladys also set out for the Maui port with the Hawaii and the Kamehameha.

Molokai light was picked up by the Hawaii at 9:40 p. m. and Kānapali was passed at 11:15 a. m. yesterday.

The Hawaii failed to quite reach Lahaina owing to being becalmed about two miles off that place.

The yacht lay off Lahaina till 1:15 p. m., when she caught a light breeze and started home. It was not long before a very strong trade was picked up and Molokai light was passed at 4:50 p. m. Diamond Head light at 8:10 p. m. and the spar buoy at 9 p. m.

The Gladys put in at Kānapali yesterday morning at 7 o'clock and was observed, there by those aboard the Hawaii. She anchored here shortly before the Hawaii last night.

The channel was found to be very lumpy, and a stiff trade well from the east made it a beat all the way to Lahaina.

CHAMBERLAIN'S PAIN BALM.

You will hunt a good while before you find a liniment that is equal to Chamberlain's Pain Balm. In cases of rheumatism and sciatica it relieves the intense pain and makes sleep and rest possible. Soreness of the muscles, swellings and lameness are quickly relieved by it, and for the treatment of cuts and bruises there is nothing better. For sale by Benson, Smith & Co., Ltd., agents for Hawaiian Islands.

FOREIGN TARS SPORT ASHORE

From both sides of the South American continent there were men-of-war-men ashore yesterday, at least five hundred spending Sunday maki, the most of the advantages afforded.

Livery stables, first of all, were sought for horses and horses and buggies and the Brazilians from the training ship Benjamin Constant and the Chileans from the training ship General Baquedano proved themselves better horsemen than the average sailor who looks for a plug as soon as he strikes the beach.

Next in order of live transportation systems came the bicycle and bicycles which have not been used for many months were oiled up and run out, some of the boys having to take ladies' wheels, the Japanese bicycle shops supplying most of the velocipedes.

Parties made up of officers from the two ships took surreys and other rigs, a few sporting automobiles, and promenaded around town, extending as far as around Diamond Head, up to where the wind comes hard at the Pali, and out to the houses on the hill at Fort Shafter.

There were merry parties at Scotty's and The Grill and elsewhere and there was no dinner ordered without wine. They get wine aboard ship and they must have it ashore, even though it costs much more ashore.

Last evening the restaurants were crowded and the streets were alive with Naval pedestrians and carriage parties. It was interesting to note that numerous men from Fort Shafter, from the U. S. Naval Station and from among the U. S. Marines had formed acquaintance with men from both the Brazilian and the Chilean and, although there are few of the foreigners who speak any English and very few of the American Army and Navy here who understand the language of the visitors, they appeared to understand each other sufficiently to enjoy each other's company and to profit by information each was able to give the other.

Early in the afternoon there was a big crowd on the Alakea street wharf to go aboard the Brazilian, the Benjamin Constant, and the people were welcomed and entertained. A considerable proportion of the officers are of Portuguese extraction and the majority of the visitors were Portuguese, there being some French, Italian, Greek, Spanish and American callers among the sightseers.

Shortly before 5 o'clock a big blackboard was hung over the side of the Brazilian, announcing that "no more can visit today." This left a hundred or so on the wharf who had arrived late and who went away disappointed. With the Chilean, lying in the stream, there was not so much social adventure, for it cost to hire a boat to get out to her and the visitors aboard the General Baquedano were considerably less than the delegation to the Brazilian.

It is seldom that so politely merry a crowd of sailors and marines visits Honolulu. They appear to derive pleasure from everything they observe. They besieged the stores that had picture postcards for sale and laid in a great stock. Several thousand cards were sold. They all seem to be well supplied with money and are not afraid of spending their coin being English sovereigns and French silver.

The Chilean will probably sail Wednesday and the Brazilian on Saturday next, both for Yokohama.

UNCLAIMED LETTER LIST

Letters remaining unclaimed for in the general delivery for the week ending May 2, 1908:

Alvor, Francis	Manibo, J. A.
Lord	Meyers, H.
Allen, George L.	Markiewicz, Louis
Babbitt, David	Baker, Capt. Frank
C	Minger, Geo. Roy
Bray, Lily	Moore, Dr. E. O.
Button, Mrs.	Page, G. B.
Roswell S.	Patterson, William
Cartwright, Walter	Pearam, Mrs. Mattie
H	Petterson, Mrs. C.
Corney, Miss Katie	(2)
Davis, Mrs. Mary	Record, Mrs. Pichu
Edward, Joe	Sam, Mr.
Fisher, Mamie	Shawell, R. J. Jr.
Foster, Enos	Shand, James B.
Hall, Chas. F.	Smith, Mrs. Louisa
Hall, W. H.	Swinnett, O. S.
Hopkins, Benjamin	Taylor, John H.
Hopkins, Mrs.	Wilson, Judge
Annie	Adair
Hose, Moses	Williams, Miss
Irvine, T. H.	Daisy
Jacobs, Miss S. M.	Wikander, Mrs.
Jarrett, Miss	J. F.
Emma	Wond, Miss Mabel
Jayne, Lieut. J. L.	Young, Mrs. A. S.
Jones, Mrs. Annie	Young, Robert H.
Koelline, H.	(3)
McLean, Mrs. T.	Yowles, Mrs.
McColl, W. G.	Lizzie

JOSEPH G. PRATT,

Postmaster.

FROM MAUI AND MOLOKAI

With Deputy U. S. Marshal Holt and Charles Maschke as cabin passengers, and seven travelers on deck, the steamer Iwaland, Captain Seif, arrived at 4:03 yesterday morning from Maui and Molokai. From Lahaina to Pu'ukoo she carried Rev. O. H. Gulick, Rev. W. B. Olesen, Rev. J. Nua, Rev. D. W. K.

White and three deck travelers. For freight she brought a phaeton, a bag of coconuts, a score of calves, 4000 bags of sugar and an assorted lot of produce. Fine weather in and out was enjoyed. The sugar comes to Schaefer & Co. from the Pacific Sugar Mill. J. F. Brown shipped the calves to the Metropolitan Meat Co.